

The Maid Muller Girl of 1904.

By Angelina Whipple.

THE seaside and summer resort girl must watch her laurels closely this season, for she has a powerful rival in the Maud Muller girl. All the billowy gowns, smart hats and elaborate furbelows of the former count as naught when weighed in the balance with the charms of this other type who affect simple gowns and endeavor to be natural.

Unlike her modish sister who obeys all of Dame Fashion's whims, the Maud Muller girl defies the latter and is her own costume designer. In a law unto herself, and sets her own fashions, the results of which speak for themselves.

Her first consideration is for her gowns, all of which are for service and of inexpensive materials. If she is going to the country to rusticate she can get along with less than if she is going to a summer resort where, of course, she needs more changes.

One girl who is an artist expects to combine business and pleasure this summer, and is going to the country with camera, easel and paint brushes. She is a member of an art club, and consequently knows just where to go for costumes. Accordingly, she rented a real Maud Muller gown, such as artists use for posing models, and this she copied, making herself a picturesque costume for morning wear.

This particular gown is a combination of blue and white muslin. The skirt is of blue, and the pantaletts, which draw up full over the hips, are of white with three rows of narrow blue braid stitched on the edge. The blue waist has a square neck edged with a white ruff, the elbow sleeves also being finished with white frills. The hat to be worn with this costume is a large rough straw of a deep cream, which droops in the front and back. It is finished with a big black velvet bow, which is fastened with a cream straw buckle.

Another fetching gown designed for morning wear is a white print with blue polka dots. It is made ankle length, slightly full at the waist line, and has a blouse waist with a sailor collar, which is rather low in the neck. The sleeves are elbow length and are finished with heading, through which pink wash ribbon is drawn. A pink ribbon belt is worn.

The hat worn with this simple little costume is of plain white pique, the crown buttoned on the broad stitched brim. White mufti tights finish this fetching sunshade.

The Maud Muller girl's trunk is sure to have a supply of tissue and crepe paper hats and sun bonnets. Five cents' worth of material will make a dozen different chapeaus, each one of which can be easily replaced when soiled or worn. The cheaper than laundering, her ladyship argues.

One of her favorite hats is made out of a big piece of oval pasteboard covered with crepe paper. The top is a mass of pink rose petals, and under the



MAUD MULLER MAKING A BOQUET OF DAISIES.

"MAUD MULLER RAKING THE MEADOWS."

brim, nestling coquettishly next the hair, is a mass of marguerite daisies. Pink tulle ties with marguerite daisies caught on the ends are used.

While the Maud Muller girl has no aversion to tan, or even a few freckles, she modestly refrains from courting the sun's attentions, and usually wears

some sort of a head covering, not only for protection, but for picturesque effects. Accordingly, when she follows the custom of the Maud Muller of yesteryear, who "raked the meadow sweet with hay," she looks as if she had just stepped out of a picture, with her quaint costume and rake.

The piquant faced girl never looks so bewitching as in a garden hat or sun bonnet, both of which are attractive for morning rambles, pottering in the garden, and out-of-door sports. The sun bonnets are especially jaunty; and the Maud Muller girl has a generous supply of them.

Crepe papers make ideal ones, and, like the hats, the handy girl can easily make a half-dozen of them in an hour, at a cost of about 50 cents. A jaunty one recently seen was of Dresden paper, which had a cream background, and was covered with wild pink roses. Pink tulle was used for ties. Another

was of Nile green crepe paper over a pasteboard foundation and was lined with white. A frill of white about the face and white ties finished the bonnet. The other afternoon he was approached by a young man in the primary stages of alcoholic excitement and was at the point of a massacre. "Any truth in the rumor that you and Sam Bernard are going to combine?" "No," said Slavik, with a ferocious approximating explosiveness.

tissue paper, after which the braids of crepe paper are applied round and round until the frame is covered. An attractive yellow one was covered with roses in the pastel shades. Yellow mufti was used for ties.

Some of the new dress goods are admirably adapted for Maud Muller gowns. Take the mercerized etamine in the old blues and tans, for example. These have what is called a Bulgarian border, and the gown was made on a clever stitch band on one edge for trimming. The blue ones have white cross stitching in a fleur de lis pattern, and the tan is a short, full skirt of yellow muslin apron with a regular waist effect, and the bands were used for cuffs, collar and down the front of the waist. A band of cross stitching was also applied in each of the front side seams of the skirt, and on reaching the flounce was squared and stitched around the top of it.

A large, soft brimmed hat of a rough straw and nearly covered with poppies, will be worn with this modish out-of-door costume.

Wherever the Maud Muller girl goes she is the life of her set, every member of which makes a note for new ideas in the way of merry-making.

At least once during the season she gives a barn dance, inviting her guests to come in rustic attire. Her own costume is a short, full skirt of yellow crepe cloth with a blouse of the same. The latter has a white sailor collar of muslin open "V" shape at the throat, and tied with a regular waist effect. A sun bonnet of yellow muslin, with a frill of white, and with white ties, is worn. To finish off her picturesque costume she wears a short rounded white muslin apron with pockets.

She drapes American flags over the entrance of the barn, and uses red, white and blue crepe cloth wherever it is effective. A regular band of maple branches in one corner of the barn, where refreshments are served. Lanterns are used to furnish light, as they are safer than candles.

There is a raised platform for the "diddlers," made of dry goods boxes with boards spread across them, and this is draped with flags and maple branches. Old-time dance music is played by the musicians.

During the course of the evening, when the dancers are resting, the Maud Muller girl leads a rake drill, which is one of the fads of the season. For this she drills ten pretty girls in costumes of bright colors and all alike. The rakes are decorated with ribbons, flowers and streamers. A regular band drill is given, and all sorts of artistic figures introduced to the time of a lively two-step.

With hay rides, corn roasting parties, marionette shows, and other jollifications, the Maud Muller girl is kept busy.

Filipinos at the World's Fair

UNCLE SAM is the boldest showman at the fair. His Filipinos are the nakedest human beings ever permitted to perform in public anywhere within the borders of civilization. Nothing on the Pike competes with the Igorrote dancers in nudity. However, the exposures are made by men and boys only. That is a disappointment to some folks who, having heard about the bare ballet in the Filipino reservation, go there expecting to see unclad women. A faint promise of femininity in that plight is given just inside the gateway to the village. Two young women sit at looms and weave cloths under the eaves of their huts. Their arms, shoulders and legs from the knees are uncovered, but if an American belle were to dress her upper half fashionably to dance at a ball and her lower half simply to caper in the surf she would be quite as well disclosed as these weavers. They may be Lily Langtry of their tribe, but you don't think so, as you pass them going in. On coming out they are seen how ugly a woman can be if she is an Igorrote, you regard the two weavers again, and this time with a feeling that they are rather comely.

The dances of the Igorrottes are given in the arena of the amphitheatre. Unlike those of most savages, they excite seem to have no ethical meaning. The tribe never had any religion of its own, further than to hate enemies and hunt for their heads. The only faith that missionaries have offered to them is Mohammedan and they have accepted it, but the merest mite of that. The twenty who are to be seen are the startling objects at first, and women visitors peer sidelong awhile, but very soon take courage and gaze unabashed. The apparatus of the Igorrot warrior bold consists of a small knife on the back of his head, a sash around his waist with its narrow ends hanging down, and behind, a breechcloth varying from one inch to three in width and nothing else, except possibly pieces of wood or metal thrust through the lobes of his ears and some figures in tattoo or braided hair. The tattooing stands for valor in head hunting. One such naked fellow would seem intolerable to feminine eyes, but when twenty are in a row, the shock is too much diffused to be felt severely.

There is nothing here that can be construed as objectionable, says Anthony Constock, the professional prude. "These people are most correct and innocent in all their actions. Their physical perfection should be an object lesson to Americans."

Anthony was right as to the physique of these male Igorrottes. They must have been chosen for smoothness and shapeliness. It can't be that they represent the average of their people. I would like to believe that the ten women who look part in the dances were picked out for exceptional beauty. Their heads, hands and feet are so displeasing that you feel very much obliged to the manager for not showing any more.

The dancing began with the men and boys circling round and round, in a lazy trot with a peculiar movement of their feet, each carrying a small metal gong and striking it with a stick. This did not make music, as it was devoid of even rhythm, but it wasn't a deafening din and it marked the time to step by.

murderous council of war against an opposing tribe, though there were no outcries of hostility. The low and quiet tones were more suggestive of gossip at a 5 o'clock tea; but then, again, there were no exclamations to indicate scandal-mongering. No lecturer was on hand to make explanations. The men didn't sit on the ground, but they were a short, fat, uncouth lot, their feet being ample to balance on. The posture looked uncomfortable, but usage had made it easy and that way of sitting down took on a tinge of contempt when the ten women, who had been squatting on their heels at one side of the arena, came listlessly to the center. They wore a short, fat, uncouth lot, calculated to make you content forever after with the worst that our stage can give in the way of old and ugly ballet. They wore shapeless tunics and graceless skirts, with no rings on their fingers nor bells on their toes, nor any touches of such adornment as we expect to see in the sex anywhere and everywhere on earth. They seemed stupid, spiritless, utterly purposeless. Two who had been smoking laid their pipes down, to be taken up when their

The women's performance was more like real dancing than the men's had been, yet still had no great activity. They were a short, fat, uncouth lot, calculated to make you content forever after with the worst that our stage can give in the way of old and ugly ballet. They wore shapeless tunics and graceless skirts, with no rings on their fingers nor bells on their toes, nor any touches of such adornment as we expect to see in the sex anywhere and everywhere on earth. They seemed stupid, spiritless, utterly purposeless. Two who had been smoking laid their pipes down, to be taken up when their

The most pleasurable two in the party paired off with men and all four put on red and white cloths, so enveloping themselves that sex was disguised, except where the face and hands showed. The man's legs full length or a woman's to the knees. This dance conveyed a dim meaning and was vaguely pantomimic. Each carried a square yard of red cloth and waved it before his or her partner, as though in amorous negotiation, the man in pursuit and the woman in retreat; and, when she had acquiesced all she wanted to do she dropped the cloth, but whether that meant acceptance of her suitor or rejection wasn't clear. Anyway, it was the sign to cease. But the action was apathetic and dispassionate. The climax of the ballet was a solo by one who may be regarded, I suppose, as the premier dancer, because she displayed an intelligence—that of imparting a tremulous movement to the fleshy portions of her body, as the Oriental couché creatures do. I suspect she had been accustomed to that, but I had learned it in order to give a touch of human animation to the show.

"A big gong was struck not far away and the men of the company ran out of the theatre as if an alarm of fire had been sounded and each feared that his own hut was in flames. There had been no such commotion in our quarters, but I had learned it in order to give a touch of human animation to the show."

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several women who didn't make my eyes ache when I looked at them, and one modest maiden who, in the circumstances, was a delightful exhibit.

It was at the home of this girl that I watched an Igorrotte meal. The man brought in his dish of beef and rice, set

STORIES ABOUT PLAYERS

Of course there will be no agreeing upon the dear old drummer so long as some of us insist that the theatre is a place of amusement and should be considered as such and the others persist in believing that the theatre should be utilized as a training school for the serious minded.

Henryk Constock said one day recently that he was once standing near the entrance of a theatre in a western city while the people were entering for the evening performance of his company. A large, red-faced man, who led a savage-looking bulldog by a chain, approached and gruffly said to the doorman that he wanted to hear the music. The ticket taker looked toward Mr. Constock and at the same moment one of the theatre staff whispered in his ear:

"That's Alderman So-and-So. Better let him pass."

"All right. Go in," said Mr. Constock. "But you must leave your dog outside."

"Sure," said the doorman, loosening the chain from his wrist and handing the dog to the man. "You can take care of him."

The manager looked down at the bulldog, at the ugly snarl on his face, at the ferocious jaw disclosing big white teeth, and then he hurriedly exclaimed:

"All right, sir. Pass right in, both of you."

"I am not afraid of singers—most of them."

them. But bulldogs! They can have the house—when they come with admirers."

"Jack" Shavin, a Canadian, bears a remarkable resemblance to Joseph M. Weber, senior member of the firm of Weber & Fields. The other afternoon he was approached by a young man in the primary stages of alcoholic excitement and was at the point of a massacre.

"Any truth in the rumor that you and Sam Bernard are going to combine?" "No," said Slavik, with a ferocious approximating explosiveness.

"Good idea," continued the youth. "You need Fields and Fields needs you. Couldn't get along without each other."

"I've had nothing to do with Mr. Fields for years and he does not consider me necessary to his happiness or business prosperity," answered the little comedian, with some asperity.

"You're dodging facts," the other murmured thickly.

Mr. Slavik began to appreciate the situation. "Look here, my friend, who do you think I am?"

"Joe Weber, to be sure," responded the other. "Who else?"

"Well, I'm not Joe Weber by some inches, I am a funnier, if not a better man," retorted the comedian, as he moved away.

Bereaved.

(By James Whitcomb Riley.)

Let me come in where you sit weeping—
Let me, who have not any child to die.
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I know nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly leaved their pressure round your neck—the hands you used
To kiss—such arms—such hands I never knew.

May I not weep with you?
Fain would I be of service—say some-thing—
Between the tears that would be comfort-
ing.
But oh, so sadder than yourself am I,
Who have no child to die!

Numerous.

Investigator—I understand the relatives are disputing over the will. What is the principal bone of contention?
Friend of Family—None? Great Scott, mister! He left 200,000 of 'em!

The New Manager of Salt Palace Theatre.

Mr. Athon was connected with the Froquois theatre in Chicago, and was the first one who sent in the alarm of fire, when the great conflagration took place there last December, in which over 50 lives were lost.

SALT PALACE THIS WEEK.

The new bill which goes on at the Salt Palace theatre tomorrow night promises some good things in the way of vaudeville. John Morrison, the Irish singer, who made such a hit the past week, has been retained for this week, and will be heard in entirely new selections. The Demoniac, experts on the Roman rings, will be one of the features. They are coming direct from the Circuit of Theatres in Chicago, and arrive in the city Monday morning. They have just finished an extended engagement on the Orpheum circuit. Billy Thadner, the famous Swiss whistler will give some wonderful imitations in the whistling line, and he is said to be one of the best in his line on the road today. The Athon-Wilson-Clarke Co. will produce its amusing farce comedy satire, "The Midnight Invader." Miss Wilson is a niece of the famous mineral, George Wilson, and her father, Colonel Fred Wilson, is the first man that ever did a dog dance in America. The performance will include seven acts, all new here, not an act on the bill ever appearing in the city before.

UNCLE SAM---SHOWMAN

BY FRANKLIN FYLES

St. Louis, June 16.

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seers, but unconcernedly went on with his role as an amateur actor imperiousing himself. Questions in English elicited no answers, except once when I pointed at the meat and said, "Dog?" Then he looked up and calmly replied: "Cow."

A man of industry and imagination is employed as a press agent for the Filipinos, and the St. Louis newspapers are remarkably kind to him. His accounts of things which, so he says, happen in the settlement here are published profusely enough to drive our stay players of the stage mad with envy.

Two warriors fought with hatchets for the favor of a girl and one combatant lost an ear. Chief Antonio condemned a mysterious criminal to be beheaded after the return to the Philippines. The savages plotted a revolt against control by our military and were at the point of a massacre. The favorite subject of the press agent, however, has been the insatiable craving of the Igorrottes for dog meat. He has told often and freely of the savages' demands for dogs to eat, and of the difficulty of getting the dogs; and on Sundays, when the outer gates are shut and the exhibition palaces and the Pike shows are inaccessible, but thousands of people connected with the fair are idle on the grounds, the Igorrottes camp threes by holding a well-advertised feast of canine flesh.

As a special Sunday performance, a big dog is killed and eaten in the presence of spectators.

A Spaniard who had lived in Manila and learned a little of the native language, heard me ask the Igorrotte if the meat was dog.

"These people do eat dogs," he said, "but don't hanker for them particularly. I'll ask this fellow what meat he likes best." After an effort at conversation the Spaniard and the Filipino had attained some success, the former turned to me: "He says he likes sheep best of all; but is fond of cow, while dog comes next in his estimation, and hog last."

"When the Igorrotte had finished his meal there was a plenty of rice left, but only a mouthful of cow. He passed the dish to his daughter, who put it on a shelf overhead. Then we learned that the girl was saving it for her mother, who lay ill in an enclosed place, like a kennel, with a door which shut her in and shut the light and air out.

The exhibition of Filipinos ranges from Manila guards, who speak Spanish and wear natty uniforms, to the best human of Bogobos and Negritos. The guardsmen, members of the United States army, are free sights, but it costs an extra quarter to enter each

of the tribal villages. So Uncle Sam is indeed a showman, although he gives the "concessions" to individual managers who pay to the fair a royalty of one-fourth of the receipts. They hired the natives, brought them here and take the chances of profit.

The Bogobos and Negritos are said to eat their slain enemies, when at home, and to make human sacrifices of their own relatives. Now, if those practices could be shown in public, the fair would prosper tremendously, and I don't think the victims would be missed.

A bride was one of the curiosities in the Negro village. The wedding had been held a few days earlier, as is likely as not she had been married long before and that the ceremony will be repeated as often as it proves adventurously valuable. But she was declared to have been an object of jealous contention among Negro suitors since her arrival here. Possibly a little thingy valuable, but she was declared to have been an object of jealous contention among Negro suitors since her arrival here.

The government reservation of the Filipinos covers twenty acres of houses and lakes, the wooded portions set apart for the various native villages, and a large section of open ground built up extensively with many structures for the gratis exhibition of affairs of war and peace, of savagery and civilization in our Oriental Islands. Of course, some of the visitors complain against the exaction of fees at the village gates, but no one can say that the Filipinos are less than our own.

You recall travelers' accounts of races of dwarfs in Africa and naturally think that something of the kind has been discovered in the Philippines. But what you see for five cents are two malformed little freaks of humanity, so ugly as to disgust you and so disappointing as to anger you.

SALT PALACE THEATRE
ROBERT ATHON, Manager.

Grand Concert by Held's Band

SOLOIST
MR. JOHN MORRISON

After the Band Concert--Grand Sacred Concert in Theatre
The 10c Paid at the Gate. Admits to Both Concerts FREE

COMMENCING MONDAY NIGHT

7---MORE BIG VAUDEVILLE ACTS---7

An Entire New Show, New Faces, New Acts.